

You smell like home to me

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You smell like home to me

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Will Graham is sleeping even worse after the Tobias Budge incident. So, of course, he steals Hannibal's shirts to feel better.

Notes

Hey uh hello this is my first fanfiction I've like...ever done so please be gentle? This wasn't bet'd and I've spent all day writing it but umn
i wanted to write will with a scent kink. Ennnnjoy

Edit: SO i might make eithwr another chapter or a partner piece. Whoch would you guys prefer?

Will Graham was a man who was almost too tuned into his emotions. They drove him, let him see the eyes of killers and ate him alive. But, the emotions that allowed him to connect on a level, a layer below the skin? The ones that connected friends to friends, mothers to firstborns, brothers to brothers? The emotions that let lovers burn their flesh together in the sheets? Those seemed to slip from him in the dead of night to drown in the rest of his fevered mind. Will Graham was sure he had no soulmate either, as most smelled...bearable to him. The closest one to smell anything decent had been Alana Bloom, whose smell mimicked her name, the sweet scent of lavender and roses a pleasant change to the swill that others seemed to soak in.

However, Hannibal Lecter, sitting in his desk surrounded by the bodies of Franklyn Froideveaux and Tobias Budge, the latter who had tried to kill them both, covered in his own blood and blood that Will was pretty sure wasn't his, made his heart wrench and his gut feel sick with some emotion whose name was like an aloft butterfly dancing around his head, elusive to his mind. Those emotions had lead him, with the cuts on his own hands, to covered Hannibal's hand, a small squeeze the only thing he could get out before Jack whisked the both of them their separate ways, the scent of something in the air their goodbye.

Two weeks after the incident, Will stood in Hannibal's foyer while the other was out, feeling incredible rude and small. He knew the heaviness of what he was doing. He was sure Dr. Lecter- Hannibal, his mind corrected- wouldn't appreciate the psychoanalyst breaking and entering. But, The less rational part of his brain piped up, you haven't been sleeping well at all. Hannibal would understand the desperation. And it was true. He'd been sleeping worse than usual, night terrors that made him wake up with more than a few tears shed in the privacy of his kitchen. So, realistically, he had come to experiment a bit.

It only made sense for the good doctor to have such a large home, with his expensive tastes. It wasn't any less frustrating to find a laundry hamper, though. Will scowled as he closed the door to yet another library, scrubbing his hands over his sweaty face.

"What the hell am I doing?" He murmured to himself, heading down the hallway lined with pristine white walls and a blood red carpet, stopping at the door at the very end of the hall. The door opened with barely a creak and Will felt he hit the proverbial jackpot. Hannibal's bedroom was simple and modern, stunning blacks, reds, and whites. There was a horrible joke to be found here, but Will was impressed more with the decorating than anything. He spotted the dresser and walked slowly, feeling if he moved too fast he'd be like Ares under the golden net with Aphrodite, trapped for the good doctor to laugh at. The dresser was a solid black wood, and Will ran his hand along it to check for dust. Of course, there was none. He huffed and slowly picked up a cologne bottle, pressing the nozzle to his wrist to spray it, rubbing it into his wrists and then the scent glands on his neck, a shuddering sigh overcoming him as the woody scent hit him. There were faint citrus smells along with the wood, and what Will could only faintly hint at as being some flower. He had no real sense of smell, but as his biology demanded, he must at least be able to pick the best out. It just the way it was, your soulmate is the person whose scent you absolutely couldn't ignore. Will thought it was bullshit, of course.

'The only reason his scent calms you down is because he's your therapist. Alana's has the same effect' Will lied to himself. Alana's did calm him down a bit, but more in the way you'd soothe a savage animal. Will looked around after carefully placing the cologne back in its spot and froze as his eyes landed upon a small, black wicker hamper near a door leading into what Will assumed to be a master bathroom. He fell to his knees in front of it and carefully opened it, the scent of herbs, paper and the faint hint of blood wafting up to him. The smell made his throat click when he swallowed and reached in with shaking hands.

The shirt he fished out was a deep burgundy color, the small buttons an oil slick black. He balled it up and pressed it to his nose to inhale, body trembling under the weight of his actions. It was disgusting, of course, but the rush of endorphins made him gasp quietly. Will stood and opened the small backpack he had grabbed and started to shove the shirt and another he'd pulled out into it, face burning with shame at his actions. He was stealing shirts that cost more than his entire closet just so he could sleep better. It was horrible, and he felt worse and worse as he closed the bedroom door and took a breath of the still air.

Will locked the door behind him as he left and spent the entire drive home feeling like a giddy degenerate, the guilt loosening from him the closer he got to Wolf Trap. The scent of the shirts permeated the car and, to Will's concern, made him tent his jeans. He cursed his libido as he pulled into his cottage, rushing out to let the dogs out.

Hannibal Lecter knew Will Graham's scent intimately. With his sense of smell, there wasn't anyway he couldn't. The scent of warm fur, earth, and honeysuckle heated by fever teased him every time the scruffy psychoanalyst so much as got close to him. So, of course, Will's scent all over his house was easy to identify, though it surprised him. He had no idea that Will could pick locks. The information was stored neatly in his mental categories of all the things that made Will so intriguing.

He followed the scent like a dog, nose in the air as the trail led him to his bedroom. Will had sprayed his favorite cologne. It wasn't too surprising, Hannibal thought. It'd be difficult for Will to know what it smelled like without spraying it. He knew the other was his perfect match, but Will's sick mind denied him the full pleasure of the scent of the doctor. A small smile spread the good doctor's mouth as he saw the lid on his hamper was very slightly askew. He opened it to assess the damage. Ah, his favorite red shirt and one that was so dark green it looked black. He had worn both of those one after another while making dinner the past two days. His smile grew as he noticed the scent around the hamper had the slight peak of arousal. Naughty boy, his Will.

Hannibal carefully closed the lid and hummed, heading back downstairs to start dinner. He smiled as he picked up the phone, eyes half lidded as he rang for Wolf Trap. Will Graham felt hot and ashamed as his phone rang, with one of Hannibal's shirts on his nose and a fist around his own leaking cock. He scrambled to sit up and grabbed the phone, giving a slight groan at the name, putting the phone to his ear and hoping the good doctor wouldn't hear the slight whine to his voice.

"Been awhile since you've called Dr. Lecter. What do I owe the pleasure?" Will said with a forced dry humor, hand around his cock tightening as he heard the doctor's hum.

“Well, Will, I was hoping you’d join me for dinner. Seeing as we haven’t seen each other since the Tobias Budge incident.” Will’s throat tightening again as he looked around, shifting. It was a difficult decision, but he tried to not be rude to Dr. Lecter.

The dinner plans were made for 7, and Will spent most of the hour in a cold shower, back flush to the tiles as he resisted the thoughts that threatened to consume his mind. His paranoia wasn’t helping, either, feeding him scenarios of Lecter finding out he was a sexual fiend and throwing him out. Or worse, telling Jack. He’d never see the light of another classroom if anyone found out. Breaking and Entering didn’t look the best on resumes.

Will arrived at exactly 6:47, carrying a bottle of white wine he had stored in a dusty cupboard for these dinners he almost never stayed for. This was different, though. There was no Freddie Lounds or Abigail Hobbs between them. Hannibal had welcomed him in with a smile and a hand on the small of Will’s back, which made his breath hitch.

“I almost thought you wouldn’t come, William.” The pleasant tone of Hannibal’s voice sent a small shiver up Will’s spine and he gave a curt nod, shucking his heavy outer jacket, wearing a soft blue flannel under with the sleeves rolled up.

“Yeah, well, I’m sure you were going to implode if you couldn’t psychoanalyze me for another week.” The jab came with a friendly smile, and Will’s eyes focused themselves on Hannibal’s sharp nose, the flash of the man’s face from the office two weeks earlier making him close his mouth fast and look away. This, of course, did not go unnoticed by Hannibal.

“Your company is always appreciated, inside the office and out. You are a bit earlier, but please, come sit.” Hannibal lead Will to the table and poured the wine he’d brought - a bit dry for Hannibal’s taste but he refused to let Will know that. Hannibal came out with the food and opened the platter cover before setting it in front of Will, head perked up.

“Tonight’s meal is grilled halibut with a cilantro garlic butter sauce. You’ll forgive me for the simplicity.” He sat back in his own seat, slightly limping. His leg ached where Tobias stabbed him, and he rubbed it discreetly when he sat before raising his glass up, “To evenings well spent with friends.”

“To survival.” Will murmured before taking a long draw from the glass, carefully putting his glass down before eating. Dinner itself was silent, with Will’s back tensing at each exhale given by the doctor. The scent of the doctor was driving Will crazy, his cheeks slowly flushing and his hands twitching each time he caught the doctor staring. Those eyes of Hannibal’s were almost disturbing, the full black like those of a shark threatening to swallow him whole more thoroughly than his own thoughts.

Afterwards, when Hannibal invited him to his study for a drink of something a smidge stronger, Will started to suspect maybe Hannibal hadn’t found out he’d been in his house. It made Will relax and accept the two fingers of scotch easier, his thank you soft and almost drowned out by the fireplace.

“So, William. I’ve noticed you’ve taken two of my shirts. That was quite rude of you.” Hannibal had leaned down to whisper in Will’s ear, and it made Will freeze mid swallow, taking the crystal tumbler from his mouth with a shaky hand, eyes wide like that of a rabbit

who didn't realize it was in the wolf's jaws. He opened his mouth to reply, jumping when Hannibal's large, warm hand slid itself comfortably around his throat. Not squeezing, just resting. Like he was showing his dominance over the situation. Over Will.

"Dr. Lecter-" He began with a cracking voice, his cock stirring slowly to the other's scent so close and the hand around his throat. The hand that tightened and cut him off.

"Ah, Ah. Naughty boy. I believe a punishment is in order." Hannibal took the tumbler from his hands and carefully set it on the table- on a coaster of course. He wasn't a heathen. The next thing Will knew Hannibal had dragged him up by the collar of his flannel and had sat in a rich black leather chair and had hauled Will over his lap. Will sputtered, hands grasping the doctor's pant leg as his belt was undone.

"Doctor Lecter I-!" He tried to speak but the hand grasping the hair at the back of his head made him gasp, cock now fully at attention as he jeans were pushed to his knees.

"William, do not struggle, it will hurt less. I understand craving your soulmate's scent but going through my private things without asking is rude, and I don't want you to think it's something you can do." Hannibal took great pleasure in watching Will go silent and squirm under the realization he had come to. Hannibal took even greater pleasure in the startled cry that erupted from his beautiful boy when the first strike landed firmly on the right cheek. Will shook under the realization of why Lecter had smelled so good, and took it upon himself to bite into his hand to spot any further noise, toes curling in his slightly muddy boots and flush creeping steadily down his neck. Fuck, he was an idiot. Of course he was an idiot.

"H..How long have..?" He spoke quickly, the next strike making him bite his knuckle so hard he was scared it'd break. Hannibal's laugh made his stomach go warm and his head spun.

"I told you, Will. My sense of smell is particularly strong. I knew we were soulmates the moment I laid eyes on you in Jack Crawford's office. I knew then you were mine and mine alone. But, I did not want to push anything. You are my perfect boy." Hannibal cooed and gently stroked along the back of Will's neck, the action making Will sink into him.

"I..I'm sorry I didn't..Fuck!" Will tossed his head back like a stallion bucking under a new rider at the next slap, which brazened a red hand print across both cheeks. Hannibal hauled him up to press him against the chair in a kiss that made Will feel like he was being devoured whole. He reached up to grab and tug that perfect pristine hair of Hannibal's, biting at his the doctor's lips just to hear those small growls that sounded so animalistic he'd think there was a wild dog outside if the animal wasn't the one grabbing his thighs so roughly.

Will pulled back with a grunt at the first press of a lubed finger inside him, eyes scanning next to them to see Hannibal slip a small bottle back in his pocket. Will's eyes narrowed.

"You planned this?" He accused breathlessly, the thought of the doctor planning to debauch him in his perfect study- in his perfect house- making him throb around the long finger that gently probed inside of him.

Hannibal looked genuinely surprised he'd been caught at first and darted his eyes between Will's flushed face and to where his finger had started a steady rhythm inside the other, noticing there was a distinct lack of resistance inside the other.

"Well, it seems you've also come prepared, Will." The accent was noticeably thicker and Will's face heated up even more, the woodsy sweet smell of his arousal making Hannibal's nostrils flare. Whatever Will would've said in retort was punched out of him by another finger scissoring into him. Hannibal picked him up while somehow keeping those fingers in him, Will giving a yelp as he wrapped his arms around the doctor's shoulders, legs trembling as the Doctor pushed him into the soft leather couch, Will's hands shooting down to open up the doctor's pants, mouth watering at the sight of the other's thick cock.

Hannibal let out a snarl and probed a bit further inside of Will, shoulders relaxing when he found the spongy cluster of nerves, a sadistic smile on his mouth as he pressed the center between his fingers, rolling them back and forth. Will bit his lip hard enough he could feel the skin split and focused as much as he could with digging the lube from Hannibal's pocket to slather over his cock, rubbing his calloused palm in circles along the head, making sure to keep eye contact with Hannibal, the others dark eyes making him feel like prey. Hannibal eventually got tired of torturing Will as it wasn't getting him those sweet noises he craved. So he withdrew his fingers and took his own cock in hand, leaning forward to bite hard on Will's neck as he pushed inside, too hard to hide hickeys. Will let out a shout, back bowed in an arch. The pain wasn't unpleasant at all- if anything it added to the already almost peaked pleasure he felt.

"Such a pretty boy. Are you my pretty boy, Will?" Hannibal whispered thickly in his ear, accent so thick Will felt he could drown in it. That scent of Hannibal's threatened to do it too, making Will feel like a bitch in heat as he whined and spread his legs as far as he could, doing his best to roll into the doctor's hips. Hannibal's chuckle vibrated in his chest and the good, good doctor pulled back to watch Will as he slowly pulled out then slammed back in, savoring the cry he pulled from his perfect boy.

Hannibal stuffed his face as close to Will's scent gland as he could as he set a brutal pace, almost animalistic in his almost breeding-esque actions. His hands would certainly leave bruises on poor Will, and that hickey will not easily be hid at all. 'Let them see.' Hannibal thought as he greedily drank in the sight of his debauched Will Graham, taking pleasure in how wrecked he looked.

Will, understandably, didn't last long considering his earlier jerk off session. He dug his blunt nails in Hannibal's silver shirt, and felt no remorse for the dark ocean blue vest as his cum stained it with pretty ropes, Hannibal gasping in surprise as he came not long after. He felt boneless as Hannibal carefully pulled out and tucked himself away before carrying Will upstairs to sit on the bed while he drew a bath.

Hannibal stripped him slowly and Will felt the affection in his actions in his very bones, hands slowly stroking Hannibal's shoulders and stripping his as well. As they both got into bath and Hannibal started washing his hair, Will closed his eyes. He knew in the morning they'd have to talk about it but, at the moment...

Hannibal smelt like home. And he had no intention of leaving the comfort he brought.

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